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THE CHEVALIER BAYARD, AND MADAME DE RANDAN.

[Concluded.]

BUT who can describe the grief of the widow? She was the innocent cause of the combat, and accused herself for having appeared beautiful in the eyes of Don Alonzo. How interesting a moment was this for the soul of our Chevalier, who heard the soft confession which he had never dared to ask for, now uttered amidst a profusion of tears, of sighs and sobbings! He wiped away her tears, and spoke comfort to her. As a pledge of love she tied round his arm a ribband and gave him a picture. It was a Cupid removing a widow's veil and wiping off her tears with leaves of roses. The Chevalier received this picture on his knees, and after having kissed it a thousand times, and a thousand times kissed the fair hand that gave it, he placed it in his bosom, and took his leave.

Palice led his friend to the lists, mounted on a stately courser; but the Spaniard chusing to fight on foot, the Chevalier dismounted; the judges distributed the arms to each, and both before engaging recommended themselves to God.—Then rising and making the sign of the cross, they proceeded to combat.

I shall not detain the reader with a particular account of the prowess and address of the respective combatants, nor with a description of the hopes and fears that agitated their friends.—Let it be sufficient to say, that, after an obstinate and bloody encounter, the Chevalier Bayard slew his opponent and came off victorious. He immediately threw himself upon his knees, and returned thanks to God, three times kissing the ground. He was led away in triumph with the sound of trumpets to the church, again to give thanks for his victory, and thence he proceeded to the fair widow.

No one can paint the joy of this lady, but one who could paint her charming eyes, and her whole person. All was soul, and all, even her very sighs, was joy. From this moment love united their hearts with his strongest bonds.

Madame de Randan, surrounded with a crowd of importunate lovers, now began to dread the effects of her beauty. The life of Bayard was become so dear to her that she could not think of exposing it again to another hazard.

She therefore resolved to retire to a sequestered mansion that belonged to her in the country. She did not however inform Bayard of her resolution, but she said to herself, HE WILL PERHAPS COME; and she furnished a magnificent apartment for him in the castle.

The ladies of our age, so decent and so delicate, will perhaps be astonished that the widow should provide an apartment in her house for one not a husband: but this was the custom, in days of old, *preux Chevaliers* were discreet and respectful lovers, and never failed to say, *honni soit qui mal y pence.*

Our widow was occupied with Bayard alone: the ladies of these times are distracted with so many lovers that they can afford to one but a small portion of sensibility; and this distraction no doubt is the safeguard of their honour. But alas! when one thinks of none but one, how necessary does that one become! especially when that one is a Bayard!

The lady departed for her retirement in the country, and the Chevalier, it is needless to say, did not remain behind. They arrived in great state at Ferte, where magnificent preparations had been made for their reception; the old soldiers welcomed the gallant Chevalier with honest hearts and military honours, while the young girls, of all the neighbouring villages, in their best array, came out to meet the widow, and presented her with flowers.

How happy were our two lovers! How short did the days appear to them, those days which others think so tedious in the country! Reading, and rural amusements were their most serious business. In short, the widow contented to be a widow no longer. She had sworn never to relinquish the name of Mont. de Randan.—She could not break her oath. Her marriage therefore with Bayard was performed in private, and long remained a secret.

To judge of the happiness of this fond pair, is it necessary to have seen them. Madame deRandan had brought the Chevalier a daughter, destined to inherit her mother's beauty, and her father's honour. To see Bayard, like another Hector, take of his helmet not to frighten with its black and spreading plumes, the little infant which his wife, in an ecstacy of conjugal love and maternal affection, held out to him; to see Bayard, the flower of chivalry, and the dread of the foes of France, lying on the green sod, with a little child on his knees, playing with the hilt of his sword; one must be a father one's self to conceive it.

One day as he was amusing himself in this way, his friend Palace came to summon him to the field. He was not surprised to find Bayard thus employed. People in those days had not deviated from nature so far as we have, and there is a penetrating charm which attends every action referable to her. The captain saw at once how matters stood. "This is your daughter, Chevalier, said he: what a charming little innocent!" and he lifted her up, and pressed her to his heart. Bayard blushed, "I give you joy, my brave friend, said Palice; allow me to pay my respects to your wife.—Madame de Randan, was in some confusion, but she soon recovered herself, and accepted the salutations of the Captain with a good grace. "You are going, said she to take the Chevalier from me, and to lead him to the field of danger." "To the field of honour, Madame." "The King's will shall be obeyed," returned she with a sigh. She went immediately and prepared with her own hands the field equipage of the Chevalier; and she communicated to Boudin, his faithful squire, the secret of dressing all sorts of wounds: with a box of medicines carefully made up from herbs of sovereign virtue by herself.

Bayard departed. Let us pass over the adieus. In the first battle he was wounded at the beginning of the action: he was carried off the field and taken to the house of persons of quality, whose fears he calmed by his discourse, and by the precaution of placing two soldiers as a guard, to whom he gave a present of eight hundred crowns as an indemnification for the pillage of the house to which they were entitled. When his impatience to join the army rather than his cure, which was not compleated, determined him to depart, the mistress of the house threw herself at his feet. "The right of war, said she, makes you master not only of our property but of our lives; and you have saved our honour: we hope however from your generosity, that you will not treat us with rigour, and that you will accept of a present more suited to our fortune than to our gratitude. At the same time, she presented him with a box full of golden ducats. Bayard looked at her, and asked how many there were.

"Two thousand five hundred, my Lord, said she; but if yor are not satisfied, we will do every thing in our power to procure something more." No, Madame, said Bayard, I will accept of no money; the care you have taken of me is beyond any recompence I can make to you; I only ask your friendship, and beg you to accept of mine." A moderation so unusual affected the lady more with surprise than with joy. She threw herself again at the Chevalier's feet, and said she would not rise if he did not accept of that proof of her gratitude. "Since you will have it so, said Bayard, I will not refuse you; but cannot I have the honour of saluting your daughters before I go?" When they came in he thanked them for their attention to him, for their company and their kind endeavours to amuse him in his distress. "I would willingly testify my acknowledgements to you, said he; but military men seldom have any jewels fit for persons of your sex. Your mother has made me a present of two thousand five hundred ducats; I hope each of you will accept of a thousand as an addition to your dowry. I destine the remaining five hundred to the Nuns of this city who have been plundered, and I beg you will take the trouble to see them properly destributed."

It was thus that Bayard endeavoured to soften the horrors of war. But while he thus did honour to his country, and was gloriously shedding his blood for the state, there were not wanting persons at court who were forming plots against his domestic peace. Certain favorites who remained with Francis I, in a shameful inactivity, and who attacked, at their pleasure, the reputations of the brave and the beautiful, did not spare the fair inhabitant of the castle in Ferte. Francis chid the calumny of that quarter, but still he believed more of it than he ought to have believed. He loved the sex, and Madame de Randan was so beautiful, that he grew desirous of seeing her; and as he was an amiable, a gallant prince, and a king, was it not natural for him to indulge some pleasing hopes! but as he was ever courteous, he wrote the lady a letter in-

Court of Apollo.

A FEDERAL SONG.

OUR country is our Ship d'ye ſee,
A gallant veſſel too;
And of his fortune proud is he
Who's of *Columbia's* crew.
Each man, whate'er his ſtation be
When duty's call commands,
Should take his ſtand,
And lend a hand
As the common cauſe demands.

When any haughty enemies,
Our Federal ſhip aſſail,
Then all true hearted lads deſpiſe,
What peril may prevail;
But ſhrinking from the cauſe we prize
If lubbers ſkulk below,
To the ſharks
Heave ſuch ſparks,
They'd aſſiſt the common foe.

Among ourſelves, in peace, 'tis true
We quarrel—make a rout:
And having nothing elſe to do,
We fairly ſcold it out.
But once an enemy in view
Shake hands—we ſoon are friends,
On the deck
'Till a wreck,
Each the common cauſe defends.

THE PARSON:

AN ANECDOTE.

A Certain *divine* in one of the *Weſt-India* iſlands, collateral perhaps in point of conſanguinity with the celebrated *Sphinxext*, read the pſalm one Sunday, and ſat down, as uſual, while it was ſung. Whether unmindful of his ſacred function, or overplied by the laboars of the day, the legend ſayeth not; but while his devotional hallelujah choir was paying a tribute to the *Sovereign of all*, the charitable *parſon* threw in his mite to the *Morphean god*. The muſic at length was finiſhed, and the people were waiting for the word, while the venerable *diſpenſer* was in a ſound ſleep. As ſoon as the *deacons* obſerved the ſad cataſtrophe, one of them turned to the parſon, and with an audible voice ſaid to him, *it is out*, (meaning the pſalm.) *Is it?* ſaid the parſon, half waking—*well, fill it up again, and charge it to* Jim Bowers.

HIRAM GARDINER,

LADIES SHOE MAKER,

RESPECTFULLY *informs the Ladies of this city that he has commenced buſineſs in Cedar Street, No.* 32, *(formerly Little Queen-Street, two doors from the corner of Broad Way, nearly oppoſite Mr. Maſons meeting houſe, as he has furniſhed himſelf with a quantity of the beſt materials and moſt approved faſhions, and means to make it his ſole ſtudy to endeavonr to pleaſe and render ſatisfaction, to thoſe who may deign to employ him, he doubts not of meeting with encouragment therefore ſolicits their favour and attention.*

N. B. The ſubſcriber returns his ſincere thanks to thoſe Ladies who has been pleaſed to favour him with their cuſtom and hopes for a continuance of the ſame.

65—6w.

WANTS *a place as a dry nurſe a young Woman who can be well recommended. Enquire of the Printer.* 65—*t.f.*

BOOKS.

Juſt received, per the Fanny, Capt. Blain, from Glaſgow, and for ſale by

JOHN HARRISSON,

At his Book Store & Printing Office, No. 3, Peck-ſlip.

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Pocket do. fine paper, elegantly bound, 2 vols.
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Roderick Random, Sorrows of Werter,
Childrens Friend, Pleaſing Inſtructor,
Penitent Father, or injured innocence triumphant,
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Expedition of Little Pickle, or the Pretty Plotter,
Arabian Tales, being a continuation of the Arabian Nights,
Fool of Quality, Julia Mandeville,
Man of Feeling, Man of the World, Julia De Roubigne,
Mrs. Davies' Diary, Cowley's Poems,
Paradiſe loſt, do. regain'd, elegant copy,
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A large aſſortment of Plays and Pamphlets,
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Pocket, Memorandum, and Receipt books,
Copperplate Copy Books,
Beſt gilt quarto Writing Paper, common do. beſt foolſcap do. common do.
Wafers, Sealing Wax, Quills, & Ink-Powders,
Black Lead Pencils, Ink Stands, Slates,
Playing Cards, Meſſage do.
Penknives, India Ink, India Rubber,
Patent Cake and Liquid Blacking for boots and ſhoes, &c. &c.

Alſo, juſt received, a large Aſſortment of

CHILDRENS BOOKS.

Hærlem Oil, Turlington's Balſam, Prentiſs's Balſam for Corns, Rheumatic Ointment, and Anderſon's Pills.

S. LOYD, reſpectfully informs her friends and the public that ſhe continues to carry on the STAY, MANTUA MAKING, and MILLINARY BUSINESS, as uſual, at No. 30, Veſey-ſtreet, (the premiſes ſhe has engaged for 6 years) where ſhe hopes for the continuance of thoſe favors which it will be her conſtant endeavors to deſerve.

N. B. Handſome and airy apartments, genteely furniſhed, may be had from the firſt May at No. 30, Veſey-ſtreet. Feb. 14, 1795.

UNITED STATES

LOTTERY,

For the improvement of the City of WASHINGTON,

WILL commence drawing in a few days: Tickets may be had by applying at D. DUNHAM'S Store, No. 26, Moore-Street, near the Elizabeth-Town Ferry, New-York; where Tickets in the laſt and preſent Lottery will be carefully examined and Prizes paid.

And a ſcheme of the Patterſon Lottery for eſtabliſhing uſeful Manufactures, may be ſeen by applying as above.

N. B. Specie given for Jerſey Money. 41 1y

R. LOYD, reſpectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BUSINESS, in all its branches, at No. 30, Veſey-ſtreet, where he hopes for the continuance of their favors, which by a ſtrict attention to buſineſs he will endeavor to deſerve. One or two youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Apprentices. Feb. 14, 1795.

THE *Seminary of the ſubſcriber, in Hague-ſtreet, No.* 8, *is open for the reception of pupils in the following branches, Reading, Writing, Mathematics, —And Geagraphy, Latin and Greek, will be added if requeſted, by* SAMUEL RUDD.

New-York May, 9, 1795. 3*t.*

FOUND *ſometime ago near the ſhip yards* A SILVER WATCH, *the owner proving property and paying charges may have it, by applying at No* 58, *Barclay Street.* 3*t.*

SAMUEL ALLEN,

MERCHANT TAYLOR,

RESPECTFULLY *informs his friends and the public in general, that he has commenced buſineſs at No.* 281, *Pearl-Street, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.*

N B He has on hand an elegant aſſortment of ſuperfine cloths and caſſimeres of the beſt quality, alſo, ſtriped, clouded, plain and twilled nankeens; and a variety of elegant muſlin and muſlinet, plain and printed veſt ſhapes, ſattins, Marſeilles quilting, and many other articles too tedious to mention.

New-York, May 9, 1795. 65—*tf*

An Apprentice to the Printing Buſineſs.

AN active Lad of about 14 or 15 years of age, and of reputable connections, is wanted at this Office.